

Courierettes.

Berlin will suppress all unnecessary noises. That rule would make the House of Commons a chamber of silence if enforced in Ottawa.

Toronto man tried to steal a goose in cold storage and was held in the refrigerator until the police took him to the cooler. That's what is properly called "cold" justice.

Judge Morgan admits that he is too tender-hearted to send a woman to jail. It is quite evident that the suffragettes have not meddled with his Christmas cards.

Winnipeg is likely to look like a city of poets and professors. Price of hair-cuts there has been boosted to 35 cents.

It took a Yukon M. P. two months to reach Ottawa. There are many politicians who have tried vainly for years to get there.

Yale professor says people will live to an average age of 250 years about the year 4000. Let's abolish the Senate before that.

Arthur Ellis, the Canadian hangman, finds it a weary job. Even time hangs heavy on his hands.

Do your Christmas shopping now. It's cheaper.

A man named John A. Macdonald, vainly aspired to be a Toronto alderman. You couldn't expect to keep a man with such a name out of politics.

"Sir James Whitney uses some strong language," runs a daily paper heading. No news in that. Sir James seldom uses the other sort.

The Y. M. C. A. has put the ban on some new songs because they are suggestive. We agree that some should be banned—but not for that reason alone.

Supply of gold pieces almost ran out in Toronto at Christmas time, says Receiver General. Supply of silver, we may mention, was a trifle short, too.

A large part of the world's industry depends for continuance upon the extravagance of women.

The other man always has the more desirable job.

The stove-pipe hat is at once the badge of respectability—and of the hack-driving profession.

He Could Not Forget.—Jones—"I never forget the duty I owe my family." Brown—"Never? How is that?" Jones—"My next door neighbor is a life insurance agent."

A Man of His Word.—"I thought you said that you were a man of your word," said the indignant wife. "You told me a week ago that I should have a new hat."

"Certainly, dear," suavely replied her smooth spouse. "I said last week that you should have a new hat. I say it again this week, and next week I will repeat it again. I pride myself on being a man of my word."

Riddle Me Right!—"Why is a taxi like true love?" "Never runs smooth."

Before and After. "It is strange what a change matrimony will make," wailed a bright little bride that I know. "In our sweet courting days it was two dollar plays, But now 'tis a picture show."

A King's Largesse.—King George has, on his own initiative, raised the wages of his gardeners by 32 cents per week.

His Majesty's generosity thus enables the royal gardeners to have a fresh egg every other morning.

The Cause.—The passing of the period of matinee idol worship in the average woman's life is marked by the coming of the first baby.

Can't Please Toronto Folks.—Toronto is a hard town to suit. For years it has howled about the overcrowding of the Toronto Railway cars. Now it is operating a civic line and citizens are kicking because the cars are not crowded.

There Always Is.—"Ha! I see there is a woman in the case," chuckled the great sleuth as he opened the prisoner's watch and found a picture of his best girl.

Whittier Down to Date.—Tanners are to raise the price of leather, which reminds us of wise old Whittier's words—"Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy with cheek of tan, You don't need to care a hoot For you never wear a boot."

Poetry Which Isn't.—Toronto Mail and Empire prints a poem which begins like this:

"Hurrah for Borden, brave and bold,
Our statesman strong and true."
Isn't it remarkable how some people can string words together?

Candor to the Candidate.—Humours of the recent election campaign in Toronto are coming to light, and among them is the amusing tale of a candidate in Ward Six who has the misfortune to be quite insignificant in personal appearance. In his canvass of the voters he met a merchant who was a strong Conservative. He made the usual request for "vote and influence."

"So you are Mr. —?" queried the merchant.

"I'm the man."
"Well, I want to be candid with you. A few days ago I inquired as to the best three Tories in the aldermanic race, and you were mentioned as the third. I then decided to vote for you. However, since I have seen you—" and his eye sized up the insignificant suffrage-seeker—"I must say that I cannot vote for you."

Another candidate in the same ward was just well started into a red-hot denunciation of civic extravagance when he found a little difficulty in speaking plainly.

"Excuse me a moment," he said to the audience, and turning aside he took a set of false teeth from his mouth. They had fitted a bit loose and handicapped his eloquence. There was a free flow of language after the removal of the teeth.

One of the candidates for Board of Control used as a plea for his fitness to be a City Father the fact that he fought the Boers in South Africa. In his long list of reforms he proposed to accomplish he included (note the wording) "the establishment of a home for mothers of infants convicted of petty crimes."

An Orangeman's Money.—"Jim" Clark, an official of the Intercolonial Railway at Moncton, N.B., is a prominent Orangeman. Spending Sunday at Riviere du Loup with two friends, one an Irish Catholic and the other a French-Canadian Catholic, he, to show his liberal-mindedness, went to mass with them. The vestibule of the church was dark, and as Jim had never been inside of a Roman Catholic church before he didn't know what the font was for. Seeing his friends dip their hands into the holy water he thought they were dropping money into the collection box, so not to be behind hand he fumbled in his pocket for a coin and splashed it into the font. Telling the joke on himself to some Catholic friends they said he did quite right as his money would have to go

through holy water before it could be accepted.

Our Petty Journalism.—Steva Sturgis, a product of Maine, but who for the past twenty-five years has lived in Moncton, N.B., is said to resemble the late James G. Blaine to a marked degree. He is a fruit tree agent, and by way of diversion trades horses, or, as he more graphically describes it, "peddles brush, and occasionally shifts a hoss."

Discussing Canada and Canadians, he remarked that the Canadian was small, mean, narrow and prejudiced. "Why even your papahs are petty and provincial, for a St. John paper referring to a triple drowning headed the article with 'Two Precious Souls Lost and a Man from Maine.'"

Premier Borden's Version.

WE don't want to fight,
But, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the cash
That'll build the ships—
And John Bull can find the crew.

A Dialogue of Little Women.—Odd how differently the same play affects various people. "Little Women," dramatized from Louise Alcott's story of that ilk and appearing in a Canadian theatre last week, seems to have excited about as many contrary sentiments as the navy question. To begin with, ladies went to the play with extra handkerchiefs. They expected to weep—and they wept; though to be sure it was Christmas week.

Now there's no use in any ordinary man trying to be rational at a play like this. He knows the lady with him normally expects to be delightfully miserable before the end of the play. The play was intended to produce misery.

"Well, and isn't pathos one of the classic elements of drama?" asks the lady.

"Bosh! You don't call that pathos?"
"But it's just a poor girl dying of consumption in the beautiful spring-time—"

(Newly hatched chicken peeps under the window)—

"Oh, dear! Beautiful contrast to the twins just born too," says the man. "I suppose if contrasts make drama, there's no end to the dramas that might be made. For example—a murder on Christmas day?"

"Hush! That's only supposing. This is real."

"No, it's just a case of interpolating enough sobs along with the bucolic comedy to keep the scales bobbing."

"Mercy! I do hope they don't bring the coffin on the stage."

"Might as well."

"Ah, don't try to be cynical. You know very well you feel just as much like crying as I do. Only you won't give in. That's silly."

"You're crying now."

"Well, so are lots of people."

"Cheer up. There'll be a lot of jocularity in the last act to take the taste out of your mouth."

"Well, that's more than Ibsen ever did. Talk about gruesomeness on the stage—I think he went the limit. But of course he was supposed to be a philosopher, and poor Louise Alcott was only an American writer of fiction. Poor thing! What business had she to portray a death scene? She should leave such things to profound men."

"But, my dear, I'm not arguing in favour of Ibsen. I only hate the mawkish element in a play."

"This isn't mawkish."

"But it's a woman's play."

"No such thing! What's sauce for the goose is—"

"Suffragette!"

"But I'm not!"

"Of course you're not. If you were you wouldn't weep at a play."

"Oh, don't be absurd! Votes for women doesn't mean that women are to be like men—"

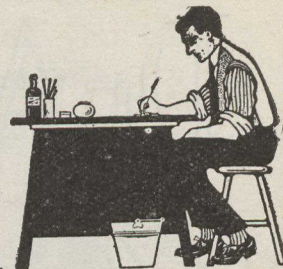
"Or men like women—I hope."

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt you a bit sometimes if you—"

"Ruined the Christmas mail once in a while, just to bother a government—"

The orchestra struck up a murderous variation on "Auld Lang Syne" and "I'm Wearin' Awa," Jean." The argument was never decided. But it was agreed—that "Little Women" never would do for suffragette literature.

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